

Glasgow Weekly Times.

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL: 12.

CITY OF GLASGOW, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1851.

NO: 34.

DR. J. A. LEWIS.
OFFERS his Professional services to the public.
Office at present, in the Drug Store of Messrs
Digges & Co.
Glasgow, August 14, 1851.

DR. M. J. RUCKER,
WILL attend to the various duties of his pro-
fession with promptness and fidelity.
Office at the Glasgow House.
Glasgow, August 21, 1851.

DOCTORS VAUGHAN & CAMPELL
have associated themselves in the practice of
Medicine, &c., &c. Office next door to Dr. V's
residence.
August 7, 1851.

F. A. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DELY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Hard and Queneary, Nails, &c.,
WATER STREET, GLASGOW, MO.

J. C. TRUFFETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
Corner of Water and Market Streets,
GLASGOW, MO.

CARLOS BOARDMAN,
Attorney at Law, Lincolns, Linn County, Mo.
WILL continue the practice of the Law, in
Lin and the adjoining counties. All busi-
ness entrusted to his care will receive prompt
attention.
April 3, 1851.

LOGAN D. DAMERON,
DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.
KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment
of reasonable goods.

JOHN C. CRAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO.
WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard
and adjoining counties.
Office with Drs. Vaughan & Campbell.
Glasgow, June 19, 1851—4f.

PHILIP BAUER,
Dealer in Family Groceries, Wines,
Liquors, Cigars, &c.
Water Street, Glasgow, Missouri.
KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment
of Goods in his line, to which the attention
of the public is respectfully called.
April 9, 1851—2a.

HANNA & MATTHEWS,
Cabinet Makers,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.
WILL make to order, in the newest and most
fashionable style, and from the best materi-
als, all kinds of Furniture.
Particular attention paid to making Coffins.
Shop second door above Dunnic & Hutch-
inson's Store.
April 11, 1851.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. J. HAYS would respectfully inform the
citizens of the adjoining neighborhood that he
has permanently located himself at his Father's
(BENJAMIN HAYS) seven miles North East of
Glasgow, and two miles South West of Switzer's
Mill, and may be found at his Office at all times
when not professionally absent.
Dr. Hays will give his attention to the diseases
most prevalent in this country.
May 29, 1851—15-4f.

LIFE INSURANCE.
CAPITAL \$100,000.
J. W. WHITE, ROANOKE, MO.
HAVING been appointed Agent for the Union
Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, will
take risks on the Lives of white persons only, for
one year, or for life, at the lowest rates of
Premium. A plan of Insurance with the Direct
names can be seen, and pamphlets furnished gratis,
by application to the Agent at Roanoke.
September, 26, 1851.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
John R. Carson,
Respectfully announces to the public that
he has on hand an extensive assortment of
Stoves and Tin Ware all of which he will
dispose of at low prices. He has also on hand
a large quantity of Tin Ware, and will
repair all kinds of Tin Ware. Orders
in the place or country, promptly attended to.
Shop next door above Dunnic & Hutch-
inson's Store.
Glasgow, June 26, 1851.

HOWARD HIGH SCHOOL.
FAYETTE, MO.
THE Fifteenth session of the School will com-
mence on Monday the 23rd inst., and continue
SIX MONTHS.
Tuition varies from \$7.00 to \$14.00, with the usual
extra charges for Music, Painting, Drawing, &c.
No deduction will be made for absence except in
cases of protracted illness.
For further particulars address
W. T. LUCKY, Principal,
Fayette, August 5, 1851.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE undersigned is authorized to sell the Farm of
Drury Pulliam, deceased, late of Saline County,
for the purpose of distribution.
The Farm contains about 1100 acres, with about
200 acres enclosed, has on it a good substantial
Brick residence, with out buildings. It is situated
about 6 miles west of Glasgow, and within 2 miles
of Cambridge, Saline county, Mo. Terms liberal,
and will be made known by reference to Thomas
Shackelford in Glasgow, or to the undersigned at
his residence in Saline county.
JOHN C. PULLIAM, Executor.
February 13, 1851—4f.

S. H. BAILEY.
Steam Refined Candy Manufacturer,
Second Street, Corner of Pine, St. Louis, Mo.
CONSTANTLY on hand a large assortment of
PLAIN AND FANCY CANDY, PLAIN AND
MEDICATED LOZENGES, of every variety
and of superior quality, at Wholesale. Orders
from the country promptly attended to, and deliv-
ered to any part of the city, free of charge. Country
merchants will find it greatly to their advantage to
purchase directly from the Manufacturer.
Sixty acres of all kinds of Soda, made to order in
any quantity, at short notice.
St. Louis, July 24, 1851—1y.

JAS. A. SHIRLEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC—Fayette, Mo.
WILL give particular attention to preparing
Deeds of all kinds, Mortgages, Powers of
Attorneys, Bills of Sale, all kinds of Conveyances
and leases, and taking and certifying reli-
quantly affidavits, administering oaths and affirm-
ing in all cases in which the same are authorized
by law, to having witnesses summoned, to taking
and perpetuating testimony, &c.
Fayette, Sept. 18, 1851—3m.

Job Work. Of Every Description, exe-
cuted neatly and promptly, at this Office.

THE TIMES

BY CLARK H. GREEN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
Office at Water Street, Up Stairs, next door to the
Glasgow House.

TERMS—
\$2 In Advance—\$2 At the End of the Year.
\$1 In Advance to Clubs of 20.

Rates of Advertising.
\$1 per square of 12 Lines or less, for the First In-
sertion, and Fifty Cents for subsequent ones.
Liberal deductions to Yearly Advertisers.

Authorized Agents.
V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper
Agent, is the only authorized Agent for this paper in
Boston, New York and Philadelphia cities.
FAYETTE—ANDREW J. HERRON.
HILLSVILLE—W. R. SAMUEL, G. H. BURKHART.
Bloomington—THOMAS G. SHARP.
Linn—CARLOS BOARDMAN.
Cambridge—JOHN H. GROVE.
Chillicothe—W. C. SAMUEL.
Middletown—STEWART, HINES & Co.

From Graham's Magazine.
The Consul's Daughter—A Sea Sketch.
BY GEORGE H. THORP.

"LAND O!"
"Where away?"
"Right ahead, sir."
"Very well! Lay down!"
"That is Cape Blanco, I take it, Mr.
Muller," said Captain John Wilson to his
mate.

"Yes, sir; from yesterday's observation,
we must be well to windward. The Belle
has not done much since the mid-watch.—
We'll be late in getting into port, I'm
afraid."

"It will take us until nightfall with this
breeze, Mr. Muller, and the land-breeze
will then be blowing a perfect hurricane.—
Get up the chains, if you please, and have
the anchors on the bows."

"Ay, ay, sir!"
And the mate went forward. Such was
the dialogue between Captain Wilson and
the mate, on board the good ship "The
Belle," then bound to Payta (Peru) with
merchandise.

We were sailing pleasantly along, at the
rate, possibly, of six miles in the hour.—
The ship rose and pitched very lazily with
the low swell; and as my hammock swung
with every motion (I had been confined to it
for weeks,) I could see the peculiar
"golden haziness" which always hangs
over the land when you are making an ap-
proach from the west in the earlier hours of
the morning. There is a very expressive
word for the appearance, among sailors; but
an elderly gentleman's memory may be for-
gotten some small short-sightings.

Captain Wilson had been in the habit for
several days—while I was slowly recovering
from a violent fever—of having my ham-
mock slung upon the poop deck. On the
morning of the day which commences my
story, the decks were not yet dry from the
morning scrubbing, when I climbed wearily
on deck, with the assistance of the second
mate, and Ben, the steward, and lay down
in my hammock. The cry at mast-head
gave me new life. I had been waiting, with
a starving man's longing, for the sight of
the green earth. There was a fierceness,
even in the morning, in the glare of the
tropical sun, that almost drove me mad.—
But that loud, long cry of "Land Ho!"
stirred my patience like the note of a trumpet.

As we stood in for land, I could catch occa-
sional glimpses of its outlines; and when we
had passed Payta Head, there came deci-
sively to me an order of the land. I remem-
ber that, in the girl-like weakness of my
exhausted energies, the hot tears rolled
down my cheeks as I murmured,
"Thank God! I shall live to set foot on
land!"

As we approached Payta, the fresh land-
breeze increased our speed to about ten
knots; and, just at night-fall, as Captain
Wilson had anticipated, we came to anchor.
During the last few fathoms that we made
in beating up nearer the town, the land-breeze
had freshened to a most a gale. We were
only showing whole top-sails, jib, and main-
top-gallant-sail; and, even with that amount
of canvas, there was a clatter of ropes and
blocks, and a slating of sails, as the top-
sails were clewed up, that rendered it almost
impossible to hear the loudest order. The
holdings-ground at Payta is excellent; and
our scope of seventy fathoms on the smaller
cable, held The Belle to her moorings.

We were to remain but four days; and
Captain Wilson urged me to remain for the
next two months, under the care of the phy-
sician to the Consulate. Accordingly, I
was carried ashore the next morning, and
placed under the protection of old Pilar, who
dignified his doggerly of a house with the
title of hotel. He was a Frenchman. He
had married a Spanish American lady, some
years before; a well-looking woman, with
large, liquid eyes, that I had a wonderful
fancy for going into; to whose care I prob-
ably owe it that I was not gathered, years
ago, into the sheaves of the Grim Reaper.

The front apartment on the first floor,
was a bar-room. Old Pilar had several
other invalids under his care. Indeed, I be-
lieve the Consul gave him the preference in
that regard, as several men were added to
our number during the short period of my
sojourn.

He had, also, a little boy, who answered
to the name of Whong; (Jan) and who so
far took a fancy to me as to provide me with
many a coveted delicacy; for the want of
which, so far as old Pilar's attentions were
concerned, I might have gone to my last
home.

O, how wearily the weeks dragged their
hours away in that Spanish hotel! My
sick-conch was an old settler. No one tho't
of retiring before midnight; for two hours
of the morning, and the time from night-fall
until mid-night, were the only endurable
portions of the whole twenty-four hours.—
And then, as soon as we laid our heads upon
our pillows, (mine was my monkey-jacket,) the
fleas carried the war into Africa.—
Groans, curses, oaths, most horrible, follow-
ed their ravenous onset; and there were few
hours in the night in which I could not hear
some gruff old sea-dog damning his own
eyes, for the deprivations of the fleas. As
the night waned, however, the enemy drew
off their forces; and we slept the sleep of
the weary.

We breakfasted at tea. The coffee—bahl
let it pass. The principal dish was a huge
omelet—consisting of eggs, onions, beef, veget-
ables—what not? And this, with a very
palatable roll of baker's bread, was our bill
of fare. We had no water, except such as
was brought in casks, on the backs of mules-
legues way. It was warm, muddy, break-
ish; and, but for a cup of tea, with our four
o'clock dinner, I must have died of thirst.

During the third week of my sojourn, old
Pilar announced to us that he had been
"bug up a little," as the Consul was about
to pay us a visit. We complied with the
suggestion, and had but just completed our
sojourn, when his arrival was announced.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed old Pilar, in the
tones of alarm, (his usual Spanish epithets
were always exchanged for the native
French, when he was excited.) "de Consul
ave bring de ladies. Caramba!"

Even so. Following the Consul and a
grey-haired gentleman who accompanied
him, were two ladies; one, as I thought,
most unmistakably the Consul's wife, the
other, I conjectured, the old gentleman's
daughter. The Consul made some general
inquiries, as a matter of form; but his aged
companion, as well as the ladies, looked
from one to another of the invalids, with an
expression of genuine kindness that I can
never forget. The old gentleman was drawn
aside by the Consul to look at old Pilar's
temple-like bird-ergo, which lurged in the
balcony, while the ladies ligered and ques-
tioned us as to our improvement. The
younger said nothing. She was a fair-lit-
ed, beautiful girl of seventeen; with blue
eyes that peered timidly forth from a mass
of curls, that fell from a slight restraint of
a rich ribbon; and, as her eye met my own, I
suddenly promised myself, that, if human
agency could accomplish it, she should be
mine. They left us.

It was wonderful how I recovered. I
gained new strength every day. I made
the necessary inquiries of old Pilar, with
the proper degree of caution; and learned
that the old gentleman was Mr. Bathurst,
the incumbent of the Consulate many years
before, and for a long period, a resident of
Payta. The young lady, he added, was his
daughter; and both were about to embark
for the United States.

"Indeed!"
"Yes."
"In what vessel?"
"In that barque—the Angelina;" and he
pointed to a vessel, at whose peak the French
ensign was flying.

"When does she sail?"
"Next Monday."
"Thank you."
"Pas de tout, monsieur!"

It was but a few evenings afterwards that
I was passing the residence of the Captain
of the Port; an important dignitary, by the
way, in all the Spanish American Ports. He
was holding a fandango. A violin, a clarionet,
and a tenor-drum, were the instruments
used; and these were accompanied by sing-
ers in the usual, minor tones of Spanish
music. Of course there was a great deal
of noise, to say nothing of the music. A drum,
let me add in passing, is used at Payta in
celebration of the Mass. The door was
open, and several sailors were standing
around it, some of them very manifestly in-
toxicated. I paused a moment and looked
in. And there, dancing with a handsome
Peruvian officer, was Miss Bathurst. It
was late. The dance ceased. My charmer
first left the room, accompanied by her fa-
ther; who, I thought, seemed to be little plea-

sed with the attentions of the young officer.
He had left the door, when his lost, the
Captain of the Port recalled him.

"Am'go mio!"
"Senor?"
"Mr. Bathurst turned towards the house,
leaving his daughter standing a few paces
from the door, and saying to her—
"Stay here a single moment. I went go-
ing."

He went, accordingly, to the door, and
was speaking, in a low tone, when suddenly
a drunken sailor approached the fair girl,
and said—
"I say, sweetie, (hiccup!) shall I (hic!)
see ye home?"

He was in the net of seizing her arm,
when I sprang forward, and, dealing him in
a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter,
I turned toward the trembling girl, to assure
her of her perfect safety, when I met the
alarmed father, face to face.

"S death, sir! What are you doing
here?"
"Protecting your daughter from insult,
sir." I replied; and turning on my heel, I
sought my lodgings. The gentleman called
the next day at old Pilar's, apologized, thank-
ed me, made proffer of his services "in any
way," and ended by saying it would afford
him great pleasure to see me at his resi-
dence, but for the fact that he was busily
engaged in making the necessary arrange-
ments for sailing on the following Monday,
for the United States. I am afraid I did
not receive his civilities with the best grace
in the world; for, although he seemed a very
benevolent, urbane old gentleman, he gave
his shoulders the slightest possible shrug as
he left me, as if he would have said: "Queer
fellow, that. Can't approach him."

I went that very day to the Consul; who
very kindly waited on the Captain of the
Angelina, and secured my passage to Val-
paraiso; where he said we should be obli-
ged to procure a passage in some American
homeward-bound vessel. The day arrived,
I had half an hour on board, when Mr.
Bathurst and his daughter came along side
in the government barge, under the personal
escort of the Captain of the Port. I now
discovered that that functionary was a sail-
or, for he worked the Angelina gallantly out
of the harbor. At length, he had the main-
top-sail to the mast, got on board his beauti-
ful barge, and left us.

For many days we sailed, close-hauled,
southward and westward. On that coast I
never rains, and the air is so dry and clear
that a ship seems like a thing of enchant-
ment as she glides quietly along in the sun-
shine and in the deep blue of the Pacific.—
We were well-nigh three weeks out when
we passed Juan Fernandez, and as we were
beheld within three miles of it, it was
decided that we should go on shore. So
far, there had been no intercourse between
the other passengers and myself. The oc-
currences at Payta had a feeling of awk-
wardness that kept me aloof from them.—
On this day, however, the excitement of a
joint and classic ground banished all re-
serve.

It is exceedingly difficult to land at Juan
Fernandez. We had a crew, however, that
was accustomed to land in the surf, and no
danger was apprehended. We reckoned
without our loss; for in urging the jolly-
boat toward the shore, on the back of an
enormous swell, an overboard; and in the
confusion, she epized.

I was sitting by the side of Miss Bathurst,
the wave was receding, and, as I fell, I
very fortunately struck the bottom near a
sharp spur of a mass of rocks. I rested
the top of my head on the rocks, and a sharp
point of the rock, I succeeded in getting a safe
footing just in time to catch her in my arms
and bear her to the shore. As it was, the
swell reached my knees as she broke furiously
upon the beach. Captain Dubois had not
been idle, and with the assistance of his
men, he had borne the old gentleman safely
to land, and secured the boat and oars. Mr.
Bathurst was considerably bruised and, in
our drenched condition, it was desirable to
return at once to the ship. The mate had
seen our mishap and sent us a boat. By
direction of the Captain she lay at a short
distance from the shore. A warp was thrown
to us; and by her assistance we succeeded
in getting safely through the surf. In a few
minutes we were again on shipboard.

With a fresh breeze from the south-west
we shaped our course for Coquimbo; at
which port the Angelina was to discharge
some two hundred tons of salt. There we
were so fortunate as to find the good ship
Chili, of Boston, Knowles, master; in which
we obtained a passage home. I will not
dwell upon the incidents of the passage—
Enough to say that we had a pleasant run
of one hundred and four days to Cape C.,
It was near night-fall when we passed the
Cape. The wind being from the south-
west, we hugged the southern shore, and

two hours later took a pilot. The wind
grew light and baffling. We bore away
with the intention of going to leeward of
"The Graves;" a reef on which I have,
since that time, narrowly escaped shipwreck.
We were quite a near the reef, when sudden-
ly the wind changed to the north-east. I
was at that moment on the top-gallant fore-
castle; a few moments before I had been
conversing in low tones with Julia Bathurst.
We spoke of the past. I ventured to say,
for all reserve had long since been banished,
that I hoped our intimacy was not at an end
while I was gone.

"Surely not!" was the reply; and the
spoke of the obligations she had incurred in
the earlier stage of our acquaintance. I
know not what I said in reply, for I was in
a flutter of excitement; but I have a toler-
ably distinct recollection that Julia dropped
her eyes very suddenly to the deck, the
seams of which she seemed to be making
the subject of a philosophical investigation,
while she picked the whipping from the
end of the signal-baldys with the very
prettiest of all pretty fingers. We were in-
terrupted, and with a light heart I went for-
ward.

As the squall, with which the wind changed,
struck the ship, the sparker-boom flew
fiercely to starboard, prostrating Captain
Knowles, Mr. Bathurst, and the mate to the
deck. All were so much injured that they
were incapable of giving any assistance in
the management of the ship. The second
mate was so much frightened that he stood
irresolute. We were going rapidly stern-
directly towards the rocks, on which the
surf was breaking, in snow-white sheets,
with a deafening roar; and a glance showed
me that a moment's delay would be fatal.

"Halt a-pot! Down with your helm!
Halo down!" I shouted, at the top of my
voice; and I sprang to the wheel and aided
the man in shifting it. It saved the ship.—
She grazed the rocks as she made a stern-
board. The second mate ordered the mate
to the breast; the ship was speedily got out
of iron, and we bore away for Long Island
light. At midnight we anchored.

A flattering letter from the owners of the
ship, with the proffer of the berth of first
officer on board the Chili for her next voy-
age, were my reward. I entered at once
on my duties. A conversation with Julia,
on the day before we sailed, gave me no
grounds for despair. The next voyage I
took the weather side of the quar or deck,
and, on my return, Miss Julia Bathurst
very obligingly exchanged her maiden name
for that of —"Miss me, good reader, I
had almost made y in my father's mess!"

THE STEAMSHIP MISSISSIPPI.—The follow-
ing extract from a letter, written by an offi-
cer, appears in the Albany Evening Jour-
nal:

STEAMSHIP MISSISSIPPI,
NEAR SMYRNA, Aug. 24, 1851.
A sad condition we are in. I am re-
frained with herd work that my letter must
be brief. We have been three last 10
p. m. of the 21st, aground within six miles
of Smyrna, and with our heads-spars over-
looking, not only a dry sand beach, but a
Turkish fortification. It has never been my
experience in naval life to witness so
strange and unusual an event as that of a
large ship with her bows drive a high up on
the dry land by her own momentum. We
are in a predicament which, at this time, is
especially unfortunate, as it may result
(from the loss of time) in preventing us
from getting Kossuth. The ship is very
uncomfortable, and we are all employed in
the various duties necessary to a release.—
Most of the weight on board has been dis-
charged in vessels and lighters, and there
appears at this hour (9 o'clock, p. m.) but
little prospect that we shall float for forty-
eight hours to come.

The scene around us was truly novel.—
Five large steamers—two English and two
American—and a French brig-of-war, were
lying at us. The beach under our bows
was covered by Greeks, Turks, Arabs, and
two or three barons, and the walls of the
fort covered with apologies for soldiers.—
At every fresh endeavor of the steamers to
ing us off, snap went a hauser, until finding
we had not a rope left, we were abandoned
to our own resources.

To-morrow we take our guns out. It
will require many days after we are afloat,
to put all things to rights. We have heard
nothing from Constantinople, but hope to see
Themis.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, (our Minister,)
passed us yesterday, in a steamer, on their
return from Beyrou. They will probably
go to Constantinople with us.

P. S. 25th.—We got off this morning at 10
o'clock.

An unkind word from one beloved
of draws blood from the heart which
would defy the battle axe of hatred, or the
keenest edge of vindictive malice.

Letter from Laly Franklin.

21 BEDFORD PLACE, LONDON, Sep. 12, '51.
MY DEAR MR. GRINNELL: I write to
you in much agitation and confusion of mind,
which you will not wonder at when you hear
that Capt. Penny, with his two ships, has
returned, and announces the approaching
return of Capt. Austin's squadron, after
being out for only half the period for which
they were equipped. * * *

Capt. Penny's letter is read y before the
Board of Admiralty, urging them in the
strongest terms to detach instantly a spe-
cial steamer to Wellington Channel, in
which quaters to the north-west, he has
discovered a passage which there can be
scarcely a doubt the ships have taken, since
it is the only opening they have found any-
where, and hundreds of miles of coast have
been explored in the low western direction,
to Cape Wiker, Bank's Land, and Mel-
ville Island, without a trace of them. Drift-
wood in considerable quantities has come
out of this north-west channel, and also a
small bit of rather fresh English elm, which
Penny pronounced must have belonged to
our ships, and was probably thrown over-
board. Thus the right track of the north-
west passage and the course of the missing
ships are identical; and I can only regret
that our squadron was not told they might
attempt the making of the passage if they
could, for in that case we should have had
no abandoning of the search till many more
struggles had been made to get into Bel-
ling Straits.

The barrier of ice in Wellington channel
did not break up last year, nor had done
his when Penny left; but his explorations,
which extended to 180 miles from the en-
trance, were made beyond it in boat sledges;
60 miles beyond it he saw water, with
land standing to the north-west, a few
nearly level how he could resist following
the open water which he saw beyond him,
and which he is convinced leads into the
much talked of Polar basin. He is also
convinced, with Dr. Kane, that there is a
better climate in those more northern lat-
itudes, with more natural resources of food
and fuel; some proofs of which he brings
forward. We have every reason, then, to
hope that some of our lost friends and coun-
trymen may yet be able to support life in
this region, though unable to return by the
way which they came; and the absence of
any traces of them north of Cape Innes on
the east side of Wellington Channel, pro-
ving nothing at all against it, since they were
likely to linger on the way to examine
shores and islands, but would push on as far
as possible, while the opportunity favored
them; and the next traces to be found would
probably be their second winter quarters.

In confirmation of this view, Penny tells
me that there are signs of their first winter
encampment at Bodey Island, S.E. of their
having left it suddenly; and that the summer
of 1849, though extremely unfavorable to
the whalers, who on account of the prevail-
ing winds, could not cross over to the west
side of B. In's Bay, must have been quite
the reverse to our expectations. You may
imagine in what a state of anxiety and ter-
ror we are, till we learn the decision of
the Admiralty on the appeal now made to
them. I have written a strong letter, also,
and I know my Sir F. B. about Capt. Ham-
ilton, and Mr. Brown, who are all at their
posts, will allege the necessity of prompt
measures with all their power. Should we
fail, we must look to America alone for our
resource. They will belong all the evening
and credit of terminating the search, when
our countrymen fail, and to you will
belong all the honor and glory of succeeding
the distressed, and settling forever that
vexed question which for centuries has
been the ambition of Europe and of England
in particular to solve.

I cannot abandon my husband and my
countrymen to their fate just at the very
moment when the pathway to them has been
found; and, if need be, and my coming to the
United States would help in engaging the
active and energetic sympathies of your
countrymen; painful, in many respects, as
this trial would be, I would brace up my
courage to the proof. But my heart is grow-
ing weak, and my health is sinking. I have
a beloved sister, (not to mention an aged
father who is not in a state to be con-
scious of my absence,) whom it would al-
most break my heart to leave. I am sure
you will tell me, with all your accustomed
ru h, and candor, and kindness, what is
your view of this point, in case the Admi-
rality fail me.

It appears I was Cap. Austin's intention
to look into Wellington Channel himself,
and also into Jones' sound, before he returns
home; but as to the former, Penny says, he
will find the ice impassable, so that he will
be sure not to be able, as an eye-witness, to
see the opening.

Nothing, perhaps, could penetrate in its
present state, but the 400 horse-power
steamer, that cannot be done this year,
though Penny says, if the steamer could
be ready to sail in three weeks or a month from
hence he thinks he could still get her up to
Lancaster sound this season, or, at any rate
to some convenient locality, which would en-
able him to commence early operations next
spring. Intended writing much more to
you about your own two gallant ships and
their winter of almost unparalleled anxiety,
but as I wish to address a few lines to
Judge Kane, I believe I must forbear, and
refer you to my note to him, which I shall
enclose and leave open.

Capt. Penny has studied the northern
part of Wellington Channel with your
names, and the names of our brave and
generous allies in your ships. I am greatly
pressed for time, having more writing than I
can possibly get through. Believe me, dear
Mr. Grinnell, ever most truly, and respec-
tfully, yours,

JANE FRANKLIN.

Letter from one of the Spanish Prisoners.
The following is an extract from a letter
received in Charleston, dated

CITY PRISON, HAVANA,)
Sept. 9, 1851.)

MY DEAR MOTHER: I should not have
written to you from this place when my
means and conveniences are so cramped, but
should have waited until I could find leisure
to give you a narrative of all my adventures,
but that I thought best to relieve your
anxiety immediately, and to inform you of my
perfect safety and most excellent good health.
True, I know more comfortable situations
than the hard dose of a prison; but taking all
things into consideration, and instituting a
comparison with what I suffered with Lopez
in the mountains, I think I am justified in
saying that I am quite comfortable, at all
events, I am well satisfied.

Our destination is Spain; to which we
depart tomorrow night. I wish you to ad-
dress whatever you may desire to send me
to the care of the American Minister, or
rather make an enclosure to his address.—
I wish you to address a note of thanks to Mr.
Wm. Sidney Smith, British Consul at
this city, for the many kindnesses he has
done me while I have been imprisoned here.
Our own Consul has been singularly neg-
lectful of us, and I have no doubt will be
rowed up Salt River by the Americans, and
doubtless recalled. Do this and you will be
rendering me an especial service.

I desire particularly that you will not sur-
render your anxiety on my account, as there is
nothing in the world to that you further
day the prospect of a short imprisonment
in the Spanish prisons. Our Minister
will doubtless procure our speedy release;
and if I am blessed with life and strength, I
have no doubt I will spend the next 4th
of July with you in Charleston. At all events,
I preserve good health and uninterrupted
cheerfulness, and feel most sanguine of a
speedy liberation.

Our adventures while with Lopez were
exactly our sufferings terrible. I have
time on board ship, I will write them out in
extenso, and forward them from Cadix.

I must bring this struggling epistle to a
close, begging a recollection to all inquiring
friends and relatives.

My love particularly to father, sister,
brother and Frank, and for yourself accept
the assurance of a most cheering devotion
from your affectionate son.

EDWIN Q. BELL.

Receipt for Mothers.
A sensible woman of the Doctor's re-
cognition, (the mother of a young family)
entered so far into his views upon the sub-
ject, that she taught her children from the
earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as
a disorder to be cured by physic. Accord-
ingly, she had always small doses ready,